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Title: Diana : Fifth Generation Gangrel

Author: Book 3  
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prey seeking the  
softer tissue of the  
neck to focus its  
attack. This creature  
was more voracious  
than others i had  
watched. Upon killing  
it would disseminate  
the corpse and then  
devour it. I felt with  
every lunge the  
creature made as  
though i were being  
shown something I did  
not understand. I did,  
however, know that  
this was the manner  
in which I would kill  
my sworn enemy  
when the day arrived.

\*Chapter Seven\*

As time passed my  
hatred overwhelmed  
me. My spirit and my  
soul consumed by only  
one desire. I lost track  
of the one thing that  
had fed my anger and  
was at this point  
consumed by an  
unknown force  
driving me on without  
focus or direction.  
My magical powers  
had grown but i felt  
their limits. I knew  
there was more. This  
could not be all.

To my now  
disbelief, I was  
discovered wandering  
in what might only be  
described as an  
endless quest for  
knowledge. Knowledge  
of a type unknown to  
me, of a type I could

not ever  
imagine existed except  
in the bowels of my  
spirit where I knew  
it must. Kryste  
became my savior. She  
found me and  
welcomed me, schooled  
me in the ways of the  
dark forces never  
letting me see her  
feed, but nurturing  
me all the while. She  
knew the dark secrets  
that i had long  
imagined existed  
somewhere in the  
universe. She too  
knew the ways of the  
animals but more she  
knew their secret  
language and could  
speak to them and  
control them. She  
knew also of the rifts  
between light and dark  
where one could live  
and move unseen by  
the eyes of most. She  
taught me new tricks,  
new skills from  
within the darkness.  
She showed me many  
new reagents before  
conjuring verses I had  
not yet before heard.  
She taught me the  
dark art of  
necromancy and the  
absolute power that  
could be unleashed.

\*Chapter Eight\*

Kryste took me to  
places outside the  
view of most. Places i  
had never seen where  
the lies of the Lords  
began to unravel.  
Places like the  
sewers of Britain and  
the crypts of Yew.  
Places where it  
became obvious to me  
that the virtues taught  
to me by my mother  
had been as the words  
of a false profit,

breathing life into  
ones mind and forever  
blinding them to  
reality. My new  
teacher had opened my  
eyes too much, and yet  
she told me I was not  
yet ready. I did not  
understand until the  
day came that she  
called me before her.  
She asked me if I felt  
strong today. I did not  
understand so I just  
said yes. At this she  
smiled and two of her  
top teeth grew into  
sharp fangs. She took  
my head and turned it  
sideways. Before i  
realized what was  
going on she had bitten  
into my neck and  
began to drink of my  
blood. She drank until  
my heart began to  
slow. When it did she  
stopped drinking and  
took out her dagger.  
She slit her wrist.  
With this she put the  
wound to my lips and  
instructed me to drink  
of her blood. I did as  
she wished and upon  
doing so I found that  
the taste was one I  
liked. More than this  
I felt a new sensation,  
a power began to curse  
through my body like  
none i had ever  
known. I felt at once  
part of the whole.  
There were more like  
her, many more that I  
had never met but now